

THE ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY J. HARVEY BACKUS

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is not a Way, Cut a Way."

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Peace? Yes, in death.
Hell takes a back seat.
But keep your eye on the Jap.
Even the devil stands appalled.
The egotist banks heavily on the "I."

War? There is no war—it's butchery.

At least we have one safe topic of conversation. "Work."

Think hard if you must, but speak softly. It's a trying hour.

Let the man who is ready to fight, be the first to declare war.

"Hit or miss" is a one-sided proposition. There are too many hits.

A lazy cuss invariably hunts the shade, but seldom owns the tree.

These be troublous times, brother. Think twice before you speak once.

If you value the love of your wife, don't nag, don't brag, and don't swag.

Mexico had best perk up, or she will be forgotten in the grand shuffle.

At the present rate of slaughter, how long will it require to depopulate the world?

America is a great country. Let us resolve to maintain that greatness to the end.

Flicks are scarce in America this Spring. Possibly because the spring is better across the pond.

In any event, the torpedoing of the Lusitania will not cause the ice man to become overheated.

Uncle Sam may not be hankering for a fight, but he is not going to slide over the back fence.

One by one the nations of the earth are pushing nosediv into the furnace of hell. When will our turn come?

The President speaks wisely when he says that we are either Americans, or we are not. But the hyphen.

Why send Christian missionaries to the Dark Continent, Europe offers a more pressing and inviting field.

The advertising columns of this paper are the arrows that point the way to better buying. Follow the arrows.

Men may be unshakable in keeping dinner engagements on time, but they sure want the dinner when they do get there.

Move lively, girls. Our crop of marriageable young men may be considerably reduced before another June rolls around.

If you want to make your husband hopping mad when you catch him doing something foolish, just smile and say nothing.

The death of Elbert Hubbard in the sinking of the Lusitania removes one of America's foremost writers. But we are still left.

Let's forget that we are Republicans, or Democrats, or Progressives, or Socialists, or what not. Our country needs AMERICANS.

If America is to be called upon to fight, the government should at once commence the manufacture of picks, and shovels and spades.

AS THE NEWS SEES THE CONDITIONS

In the heat of passion is not the time for deciding momentous questions, especially if they involve the fate or the welfare of a nation.

A wave of indignation is sweeping over this country because a foreign submarine has torpedoed and sunk a passenger ship loaded with 1,500 noncombatants, women and children and men, many of whom were citizens of our country.

In their hour of anger thousands of good men have cried out for war as a retaliatory measure.

But there comes a time when an hour of silent thought is more productive of beneficial humanitarian results than a life time of vilification and abuse heaped upon other heads.

No amount of anger, no hasty action, can bring back the lives of those who went down with the Lusitania.

But sober thought and a careful examination of our own internal condition may save the lives of many thousands of Americans now living.

LET US THINK BEFORE WE ACT.

America is a nation of peace and we ask only to be allowed to pursue an honorable course undeterred by others.

We do not seek to dominate or even interfere in the affairs of the old world, nor do we want to be dominated or interfered with by them.

And yet a duty confronts the Government of the United States, a duty which is imperative, and must be met with courage and fortitude—the duty of safe guarding the lives and property of American citizens on the high seas.

If that duty can be performed without involving the United States with a war with a foreign country, then it becomes the obvious duty of the President to seek a means to that end.

For deadly war should be the court of last resort.

And while the President is seeking to uphold the dignity of the United States and to protect our citizens without involving us in a disastrous war, it becomes our solemn duty as citizens to rally to his side, to present a united front and to assure him of the loyal moral and material support of a nation of a hundred million souls.

Any act short of this would be unpatriotic, un-American, and unworthy of any human being who claims the Stars and Stripes as his flag.

But there is yet another way in which we as citizens may well serve our country and materially strengthen the hands of our President.

We have many naturalized citizens of German parentage in our midst, good men and true.

Let us preserve toward them a sane attitude of fairness and friendship and good will, lest hasty words create discord and strife among our citizenry.

Let us remember that when they came to us they became citizens of our country, and as loyal citizens let us continue to regard them.

And let gentlemen of German birth rise equally to the occasion and remember that they are now American citizens and refrain from criticism of the land of their adoption, the land which gives them food and shelter.

Then, if the inevitable comes, and war is forced upon us, it must come to our own shores, where it will find us a united people fighting staunchly in defense of right, justice and home.

Take an idle hour, brother, and think deeply of the welfare of your own country.

Dwell not upon the angry passion of to-day, but rather upon the higher plane of tomorrow, that the light of justice and reason may guide our footsteps in the path of honor.

And if war is forced upon us we will meet it as American nationhood has met every crisis in its history.

Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton E. Williams

I believe—
When we affirm a belief we are attempting to locate our lives in the universe.

The fence between Earth and the future has been woggen down and we are coming to realize that here and hereafter are so closely linked as To-days and To-morrows of earth experience. Today we sow, to-morrow we reap—here and hereafter.

I believe.
By these signboards of crystallized thought we affirm the quality of our characters and signify the relations we are seeking to make permanent.

Faith is not a sign of weakness. It is the highest exercise of mental powers. Not until one has become aware of his own values does one project himself into the unknown. Only an awakened, a growing, an adventurous soul believes.

The jungle-folk do not believe they have not the vision. The idea of God is a standing jest with the jungle-folk and the thought of being servicable to the world makes for hilarity. It was ever so.

The matter of light is ever a moot question with the mole. He doesn't believe it is possible. It is not for him.

I believe.
Twere better far to dare the sea's out-reaching sweep and

wreck at the outmost marge than creep along the shore.

I believe.
We may be reasonably assured that the soul with vision and desires above the clay will be a constructive citizen. It is significant that they who believe most love most. The more one believes in God the more one loves his fellow-men and the world.

But the folk who believe only in time and earth and food and dollars and pleasures are the destroyers. They are least valuable to society.

Go out into a solitary place some bright May morning, a hill-top, and like Moses wait until God flashes across the sunlight. We shall come down the hill with God's words written upon the tablets of the heart.

Come down the hill joyously saying: I believe.

If one finds God on the hill one shall find a God down the valley road. He will look like a brother. One has got to see God first before people look like brothers and sisters.

Seek ye first God and your family will become very large.

It will grow as we grow big in God.

Charles Stelzle, a man who has done a great work in interpreting the religion of Jesus to the so-called working class, has writ-

ten so beautiful a credo that I must pass it on to my Up-road Friends.

I want to send a greeting to my congregation scattered in nearly every State in the Union. It is not possible to visit you, but I send a May-day greeting.

It is made of the simple things of the earth, sunlight for guiding flowers for cheering birdsong for joy, and the sweet air drenched with the azalea for inspiration.

You will find out in God's open fields.

I believe in my job.

It may not be a very important job, but it is mine. Furthermore, it is God's job for me. He has a purpose in my life with reference to His plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It isn't a big place, to be sure, but for years I have been moulded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. In the end the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the chap whose name has been a household word in two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me—true to myself and to God who intrusted me with it.

I believe in my fellow-man.

He may not always agree with me. I'd feel sorry for him if he did, because I myself do not believe some of the things that were absolutely sure in my own mind a dozen years ago. May he never lose faith in himself because, if he does he may lose faith in me, and that would hurt him more than the former, and I would really hurt him more than it would hurt me.

I believe in my country.

I believe in it because it is made up of my fellow-men and myself. I can't go back on either of us and be true to my creed. If it isn't the best country in the world, it is partly because I am not the kind of a man that I should be.

I believe in my home.

It isn't a rich home. It would n't satisfy some folks. But it contains jewels which cannot be purchased in the markets of the world. When I enter its sanctified chamber and shut out the world with its care, I am a bird. Its motto is service, its reward is love. There is no other spot in all the world which fills a place and bestows on its occupant larger love, with a Father who is all-wise and patient and tender.

I believe in to-day.

It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of to-day richer and freer. There is no assurance of to-morrow. I must make good to-day.—Charles Stelzle.

H. H. Willams GROCERIES



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for every room
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BEST QUALITY
LEAST PRICE

Yes, you can afford to come to Wellsville to get it, for we will allow you a discount of 10% on all purchases of \$2.00 and over. This will pay your round trip R. R. fare on a \$5.00 purchase.

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WELLSVILLE.

TRY a News "Want" or "For Sale" adv. and quick results.

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These Are Only a Few of the Good Things Offered

- 700 yards All Linen Bleached Toweling, red and blue borders
Special 12¹/₂c
- 72x90 Bleached Muslin Sheets, seamed in center
Special 3 for \$1.00
- Lot of Children's 10c, 15c and 25c Stockings in black and tan
Special 5c
- 29c Lace Edge Cream Serim, 40 inches wide
Special 22c
- \$ 6.00 Serge Dresses \$3.98
- 7.50 and \$8.50 Poplin Dresses 5.00
- 12.50 Poplin and Challie Dresses \$7.98
- \$1.39 Black Chiffon finish Taffeta, 36 inches wide
Special \$1.00
- 95c Black Messaline, 35 inches wide
Special 75c
- Women's Interwoven Hose, linen top and toe, black and tan, all sizes
Special 15c
- Women's 25c E-Z-On Hose, mercerized tisle and out size, 35c Hose seconds
Special 17c

TWO GREAT COAT SPECIALS

\$10.00 Coats at \$7.98
15.00 Coats at 10.00

SUIT BUYERS CAN SAVE \$5.00 TO \$7.00 NOW

Main Street **Leahy & Wheatley** Hornell, N. Y.

STOP, LOOK



LAWYER received \$10,000 for that sign, "Stop, Look, Listen" of dollars in damages. It's a sign are often warned by a similar sign stop in time. How about your account is the BEST KIND OF

Burrows Na

NEW YORK STA
Report to Comp
Capital, \$25,000.00
Resources:
S. PHILLIPS, President.
W. BURROWS, Cashier.

MAILS CLOSE.

Going East.

Train 222	8:55
Train 26	2:30
Train 224	6:45

Going West

Train 25	11:2
Train 541	6:05

for R. F. D. Routes close at M.

W. F. O'Connell, Postmaster



GOVIL GOVIL

For Lake Assembly will July 9th.

The Inter-State League ball game yesterday.

Miss is ahead of every man, Miss never overtakes it.

France is preparing to place a ban on the use of

considerable damage is reported on grape belts on account

the enumeration to be taken is expected to cost this \$45,000.

Robert Millard, a former of Birdsall, died at the Home last week.

George Lieb of Angelica, died May 14th, by a shot off the left side of his head with a shot gun.

The W. R. Harris box-factory at Rushford, caught fire last night and was saved from destruction by energetic work.

Silas F. West died at his home in Angelica May 6th, after an illness of several months. He was born in West Almond, N. Y.

Mrs. May Chase left to-day for New York City, where she spent some time with her father. She plans to spend the Summer with her son at Northport, N. J., and daughter at Northport, Whitesville News.